

Watch Your Mouth

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by [icycas](#)

Summary

Dream walks up to a man feeling George up, and takes the situation in his own hands...

Request: Protective Dream

Notes

DISCLAIMER: Please don't read this if you're uncomfortable with this pairing being written about explicitly. This story is entirely fiction, but these are real people. Please don't harass anyone in this fic about pairings or their sexuality – I recognize that Dream and George are both straight; this is just self indulgence. If either of them ever state that this type of content makes them uncomfortable, I will delete my work.

It was a mistake to come to the bar. George had initially thought it would be a good idea to wind down from the hectic week with his friend by getting drunk, but George had no idea what would

happen when they got there.

It started when Dream went to use the bathroom. George was just checking his phone absentmindedly when a very intoxicated man walked up to George sitting in the corner.

“Hey baby, I saw the guy that you were with earlier...” the guy slurred while trying to remember what he was going to say, “and I just wanted to say that I could treat you so much better. Could give your tight little ass so much more.” George was stunned. He had never been hit on so directly before by anyone, let alone a man, so he didn’t know how to respond.

“Cat got your tongue?” the man smirked as he started to corner George against the wall while feeling up his inner thigh. George was now beyond uncomfortable, but didn’t know what to do. “Uhh, I’m sorry but no....” Where the fuck was Dream?

“Don’t be a stuck up bitch, come on, stop playing hard to get,” the man said more aggressively. George was now starting to get scared. He was all the way in the back of the dimly lit bar where no one could hear him over the loud music or see him.

“I- I-“ George stuttered as the man was tightly gripping George’s hands to prevent him from pushing him away.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” George let out a sigh of relief at the familiar voice.

“Heh, you must be the boyfriend to this man whore. You’re lucky, I bet he’s tight as fuck,” the guy sneered at Dream. George could see how cold Dream’s face went. His jaw was clenched to the point where George was surprised his teeth were still intact, and his fists were firmly locked at his sides as the blood rushing to them caused his veins to pop out.

“I’m giving you one more chance to get the fuck outta here,” Dream spat out with venom laced words.

“Yeah, I’ll get outta here, and take this piece of ass with me,” the man grinned. George looked to Dream. Oh shit, Dream’s actually going to kill this guy. Before the man could even process what was happening, Dream grabbed George’s beer bottle and smashed it against the side of the man’s head. People in the bar had now turned around at the sound of smashing glass, and were reacting to the commotion. The man, now wobbling, tried to swing back at Dream, but because of how much the other man had drank, he completely missed.

George popped up from his seat to try and stop Dream. “Dream, wait-“

“Watch your fucking mouth next time, bitch,” Dream almost growled. He pulled the man up to his level and threw him against the wall and swung at his face, knocking out the man. People were now phoning the police and calling for security.

“Dream... we should go...” George said as he was holding Dream back. “Actually, yeah we need to go like right now.” George could hear the sirens in the distance, and he really didn’t want to get mixed up with the police.

Dream, breathing still unsteady from the adrenaline, looked to George, “Back door.” They both ran out and were running down the block to where they parked. Luckily, there was no way the cops would care enough to chase them down for a petty bar fight. They hopped in the car, and Dream started driving back. The car ride back was silent, but George could still feel the anger radiating off of Dream.

“Thanks... for back there.” George said quietly.

“Why did you just sit there and let him touch you like that,” Dream snapped with a controlled anger.

“I- I just couldn’t move.”

“You should have fought back, what would you have done if I didn’t walk back then? What would happen if you were completely alone?” Dream said with a clenched jaw as he gripped the steering wheel harder.

“Dream, it wasn’t that big of a deal-“ Before George could even finish the sentence, Dream pulled over to the side of the road. Maybe George had crossed a line.

“Not that big of a deal? Are you fucking kidding me, George? The guy could have fucking raped you. Not that big of a deal? Do you have any idea how angry seeing that guy on you made me?”

Wait, was Dream implying what George thought? “Dream... were you... jealous?” George tried. Dream looked ahead on the road and drove off without responding.

When they went into Dream’s house, George could see that the dirty blonde boy was still fuming.

“I’m going to shower,” Dream said, taking off his jean jacket. Before he could make it a foot from the door, George grabbed Dream’s arm.

“What-“ George cut him off by smashing their lips together. Dream was surprised by the contact at first, but he quickly adapted and slipped his tongue into George’s mouth. All of the anger Dream felt was now put into how aggressive he was with the kiss. Dream pushed George against the door as he slipped one hand to rest on his waist and the other to cradle his face. As they broke away to take a breath from the intense make out session, Dream pulled George’s hair back to expose his neck.

“Hahh-“ George moaned out breathlessly. Dream was now kissing George’s neck and marking up his delicate skin. As he worked his way down George’s neck, he could see how well the angry red marks looked against the pale skin. The marks littering George’s skin were going to look so good tomorrow. Dream, pulling away to take George’s shirt off, kissed George with force again. The fight between their tongues was leaving George needy for more. Dream, not breaking the kiss, grabbed both of George’s thighs and lifted him up to press him against the door. Being manhandled by the taller boy was turning George on, and he wanted their clothes off now.

George broke away from the kiss. “Dream, clothes off.”

“You don’t get to make requests,” Dream growled out as he started to grind his clothed cock up against George’s ass while kissing at his chest. The warm saliva on George’s nipples quickly cooled off and they perked up with need at Dream. Dream put George down to pull off his own shirt, and George couldn’t help but stare at the taller man towering over him. George went to feel Dream’s pecks, but Dream grabbed his hands before he could make contact and pressed them against the door.

“I’m pissed off right now, don’t test me. Be good and do as I say.” George nodded quickly with need.

Dream, still holding George up, was intensely kissing George while walking towards the bedroom. When he got in front of the bed, he dropped George on it to pull off the smaller boy’s pants. Once the restrictive clothing was off of George, Dream crawled between the boys legs and roughly turned the boy over, positioning him so that his ass was pressed against Dream’s clothed cock.

Even through the thick jeans, George could feel Dream's hard member. Dream trailed his hand up George's back to push the British boy's head into the mattress, exposing his ass even more. The new position exposed every part of George, causing the boy to blush intensely.

Dream walked over to his nightstand to grab the lube and condoms before returning to George. Dream generously coated his thick fingers with the lube until they were dripping, and used one finger to tease at George's entrance. The cold sensation caused George to shiver, and before George could get used to the lube, Dream roughly inserted his finger. George groaned from the sudden intrusion and pain from the stretch. Without missing a second, Dream was already thrusting the finger into George before he adjusted to the size. George grabbed at the sheets and stuffed his face into the mattress from the roughness, but slowly, the pain was starting to shift to pleasure and he began moaning with need. Based on the more frequent moaning, Dream added another finger and started to scissor George's tight hole, causing the boy to whine again.

"Dream, slow down, it's too much," George said with a muffled voice with his head buried in the sheets. In response, Dream added a third finger. George was barely adjusted to the second finger, but he couldn't lie that the rough treatment and the pain mixed with pleasure was turning him on. George had never seen Dream get to that level of anger, let alone come jealous before. The thought of Dream feeling jealous from the man touching George had the boy flustered and blushing as he buried his face deeper into the sheets.

"Turn around," Dream commanded. That voice and tone alone had George's dick twitching with need. George gulped as he turned around to face the larger man. Dream got up, and in one quick motion, stripped himself of his pants. The sight of Dream's hard cock springing free and standing proudly caused George to leak from his own hard member. Dream roughly grabbed George's left leg to hook it over his shoulder as he lubed up his cock and slipped on the condom. With this position, he was able to get deeper into George and hit his sensitive spot. He lined up his cock to George's hole, and began to slowly insert the tip. George threw his head back from the stretch.

"Ngnnnh, it's too big," George whined pitifully.

"It'll fit," Dream bluntly said as he began to push more in. George was gripping Dream's dick so hard that he could feel the thick veins running along Dream's dick.

"Fuck, you're so tight." Dream said as he finally bottomed out. Even the copious amounts of lube Dream used didn't help stretch out the tight heat enough. Even though Dream had prepped George, he was still so big that George was struggling to adjust. Dream bent down to roughly kiss George as he started to shallowly thrust. They stayed like that for a while before George started getting needy.

"More..." George whispered against Dream's lips as he pulled away from the rough kiss. That was all Dream needed to hear. The dirty blonde pulled out to the tip and slammed his cock back in and set a brutal pace. The rhythm of Dream's savage thrusts against George's prostate knocked the wind out of him.

"Fuuuckkk, Dream... slow down.. ughnnn." George moaned out as his toes curled up from the pleasure. Dream only grabbed George's hair roughly to get the boy to arch his chest. While using one hand to pull at George's hair, the other was teasing George's nipples. The sensation of the sensitive buds being rubbed along with his prostate being rammed into had George gasping for air. George felt Dream tighten his hold on the his hair, and the pull on his scalp was definitely a kink he was very much in to.

Dream let go of George's hair to start stoking the boy's cock slowly. Being simulated from the back and the front was driving George insane. As Dream was thrusting roughly into George, he

began to bite at the leg hooked over his shoulder. George could tell that Dream was getting close based on how his thrusts were starting to become irregular, so George purposely tightened around his length.

“Shit-“ Dream grunted as he started to jerk George off faster. George covered his face and mouth with his hand to muffle his moans as he squeezed his eyes shut with pleasure. Dream stopped stroking George to grab his hand to move it from his face.

“Let me hear you. I want the entire neighborhood to hear you scream,” Dream whispered into George’s ear while biting at his lobe. Dream, now completely chasing his own orgasm, began to slow down his pace but thrust in with more force. Dream was not even deeper in George, causing the British boy to arch his back and curl his toes with pleasure as he came.

“MNFFF DREAM,” George cried out from Dream was fucking into his hold relentlessly. George’s orgasm had caused him to tighten up his hole even more, causing Dream to spill into the condom. Dream kept fucking George through their orgasms until every last drop of Dream’s cum was in the condom and George was whining from the overstimulation.

Dream pulled out and tossed the spent condom in the trashcan and returned to bed with George.

“Was that... too much?” Dream asked. “Sorry, I really don’t know what came over me...”

Although George thoroughly enjoyed the rough sex, he really wished that his first time with Dream was more loving and passionate. “It’s not that I didn’t like it, but I just... I know we’re not dating or anything, but I would like it if we could start over next time,” George said as he went to lightly peck Dream’s lips.

Dream caught the “next time” and could feel himself blushing. Dream cradled George’s head with one of his hands, “I’m sorry. I’m not usually that rough, but that guy feeling you up... I’ve never felt so angry before. Seeing him touch you, I couldn’t stand it.”

George smiled, “You were jealous, idiot.” He tried to sit up and winced at the feeling.

Dream immediately noticed and felt a wave of guilt wash over him, “fuck, I’m sorry. Let me get a towel and some cream.”

As Dream returned with the materials, George looked up at the boy. “Hey, I enjoyed it okay? Don’t feel guilty, I’m not a china doll.” Dream smiled as he kissed George’s thigh before wiping him down.

George watched as Dream gently cleaned George, and he couldn’t help but feel his heart swell. “How about tomorrow morning, we start over?”

Dream looked up gently at George, “I’d love that.”

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